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## REMEDIAL EVILS.

We can scarcely listen with wide enough ears to the fact stated by the Sanitary Report, that 'the annual slaughter in England and Wales from preventable causes of typhus, which attacks persons in the vigour of life, appears to be double the amount of what was suffered by the allied armies in the battle of Waterloo.' This is the doing of but one disease, though that is a potent one. There are many other causes of mortality in the country, which are capable of an almost indefinite diminution, if proper measures for that purpose were adopted.

These are matters to which little attention was given long ago. Now, they are amongst those which most engross the minds of reflecting persons. Almost every day some new fact is presented to our notice, illustrating the extent of public and particular evils which are capable of remedy. In a recent statement respecting Manchester,\* which we pitch upon merely as an example, it is shown that there are, every year, in that town, 3147 deaths above what ought to take place, if Manchester were circumstanced like other places where mortality is at the average of the whole nation. Of these, 1908 are of persons above twenty. Every person in Manchester thus may be said to lose about nineteen years of his life; that is, the life he would have, living in a place of average mortality. Reckoning the industry of the 1908 persons at only ten shillings a-week, Dr Playfair calculates that there is, from their deaths, and from preventable sickness, in Manchester, an annual loss of £981,189, or nearly a million sterling. Nor is this the end of the evil. As in all places where more than the proper number die, more than the proper number are born. Manchester has annually 1656 births over and above the number which the average of the whole nation says she ought to have. And the effect of the two circumstances together of course is, that there is a greater proportion of children to be supported in Manchester than in places where the mortality is nearer a natural amount. The useful productive members of the community are thinned; and the diminished numbers which survive have more than a usual burden from the young and chargeable. Add to all this the mental distresses consequent upon the loss of relatives, the impoverishment often arising from it, the harm to children in being deprived of parental care, and the tendency of all these circumstances to lead to further evils—and we shall have some idea of the tremendous amount of wretchedness and affliction implied in the words, 'an excessive mortality of grown persons to the amount of 1908.' And yet the whole of this amount of evil need not be incurred as far as the arrangements of Providence are concerned: it is purely and unequivocally the effect of

errors which human beings commit, and which they might avoid.

Man is naturally tender of his neighbour's life. When a steamer goes down with fifty passengers, the whole nation feels it as a shock. We cannot even hear of one death from accident occurring near us, without an earnest sympathy. This being the case, with what horror and consternation should we hear of a town like Carlisle being overwhelmed by an earthquake, or drowned by the sea, with every one of its inhabitants! And yet this is just about the amount of annual loss of life incurred in England by preventable fever cases.

The loss of children is felt by all naturally-constituted minds as one of the most poignant of distresses. Even an infant, that has breathed but an hour, cannot be resigned into the clay without feelings which wring tears from hardy men. This is an evil, too, of vast aggregate amount. According to Dr Combe—'The average mortality of infants among rich and poor in this country (and with little variation throughout Europe) is about 1 in every 4½ before the end of the first year of existence.' But this is a department of mortality liable to great variation in time and place. In the town of Ashton-under-Lyne, the deaths of infants under five years of age reach the enormous proportion of 57 per cent. to those of the whole population. From answers returned to queries by five hundred married operatives, it was found to be almost a universal case, that there had been five children, of whom two were dead.\* Such a result cannot be surprising when we learn that in this town, as in Manchester and many other seats of industry, besides all the usual agencies fatal to infant life, there is a prevalent custom of administering an opiate cordial called *Infants' Quietness*, or, more commonly, *Godfrey*, for the purpose of inducing torpor in babies, so as to allow of their mothers attending factory labour and other duties, or at least making them less burdensome as a charge to the little girls and old women who are employed in keeping the infants in the absence of the natural protector. To resume Dr Combe—'So directly is infant life influenced by good or bad management, that, about a century ago, the workhouses of London presented the astounding result of 23 deaths in every 24 infants under the age of one year. For a long time this frightful devastation was allowed to go on as beyond the reach of human remedy. But when at last an improved system of management was adopted, in consequence of a parliamentary inquiry having taken place, the proportion of deaths was speedily reduced from 2600 to 450 in a year. Here, then, was a total of 2150 instances of loss of life occurring yearly in a single institution, chargeable, not against any unalterable decrees

\* Letter of Dr Lyon Playfair, in Manchester Guardian.

\* Report on the Sanitary Condition of Ashton-under-Lyne. By John Ross Coulthart, Esq. Ashton: Luke Swallow. 1844.

of Providence, as some are disposed to contend as an excuse for their own negligence, but against the ignorance, indifference, or cruelty of man.' Many facts might be adduced to support this conclusion. 'In the 20 years subsequent to 1730, out of every 100 children born [in London], 74, or nearly three out of four, died before they were five years old. In the succeeding 20 years, the proportion of deaths was reduced to 63 in 100, or less than two-thirds. Between 1770 and 1790, it was only 51½ in 100, or little more than one-half. In the 20 years succeeding 1790, it was further reduced to 41½ in 100, or little more than two-fifths. And between 1810 and 1830, it was no more than 32 in 100, or less than one-third.' Dr Carpenter, in one of whose able works these facts are mentioned,\* quotes from Dr Combe a remarkable illustration of the possibility of reducing the amount of ailment and mortality in children. The Orphan Asylum of Albany (New York) was opened in the end of 1829 with 70 children, the number being subsequently increased to 80. 'During the first three years, when an imperfect mode of management was in operation, from 4 to 6 children were constantly on the sick list, and sometimes more; one or two assistant nurses were necessary; the physician was in regular attendance twice or thrice a-week; and the deaths amounted in all to between 30 and 40, or about one in every month. At the end of this time, an improved system of diet and general management was adopted; and, notwithstanding the disadvantages inseparable from the orphan state of the children, the results were in the highest degree satisfactory. The nursery was soon entirely vacated, and the services of the nurse and physician no longer needed; and for more than two years, no case of sickness or death took place. It is also stated that, since the new regimen has been fully adopted, there has been a remarkable increase of health, strength, activity, vivacity, cheerfulness, and contentment, among the children. The change of temper is also very great; they have become less turbulent, irritable, peevish, and discontented; and far more manageable, gentle, peaceable, and kind to each other.'

As in children, so in grown-up people sickness and premature death are, generally speaking, only the exponents or external and proving results of living in a manner out of harmony with our natural constitution. The human frame, as it comes from the hands of its Maker, is no imperfect machine. Disorders are only induced by the ignorance and wilful errors of man himself. We allow ourselves to speak strongly on the subject, because no modified terms could have a chance of rousing the attention which it deserves; and it seems to us that all kinds of philanthropy are concerned in seeing remedies applied to the merely physical calamities of mankind; for where there is great wretchedness, there can be no right cultivation of the higher feelings. The preventibleness of a large portion of these calamities is, we think, fully proved by the improved health which invariably follows improved conditions. Mankind have, upon the whole, made an advance in this respect since early times. It is pretty clearly ascertained that the average duration of life among the modern English is as 3 to 2 of what it was amongst the ancient Romans; that is, says Dr Carpenter, 'out of thirty Romans, as many would have died in a given time as out of forty-five Englishmen.' Ever since Dr Price constructed the Northampton tables of mortality, which constitute the basis of calculation in a great number of life-assurance offices, human life has greatly improved. From the generally superior conditions in which the people of England now live, it has resulted that the plague does not now break out with the desolating virulence known in former times; although, it must be admitted, the typhus, which never leaves our masses of humbler population, is only a modified kind of plague. The same truth is well evinced by the con-

trast of mortality in different sections of the population of certain places, and in different countries. In Ashton-under-Lyne, the mean average duration of life among the operative classes is 16 years: among the upper classes it is 30! In Leeds, there is one district where the annual deaths are 1 in 28, while in another they are only 1 in every 57. The first report of the Registrar-General showed, for the year 1838, a variation of the annual mortality in different districts of the metropolis, amounting to 100 per cent. 'When we examine,' says Dr Carpenter, 'the abodes of squalid poverty, and witness the filth, destitution, and wretchedness which prevail there, we cannot but feel that a yet greater improvement is destined still to result from any measures that shall convert these into the dwellings of a cheerful, clean, well-fed, thriving population. It appears from the examination of the tables of mortality in France, that the number of deaths per annum, among the poor, is more than twice as great, in proportion to the whole number, as it is among those in easy circumstances; and it can scarcely be doubted that the same proportion holds good in this country. If the average duration of life, and freedom from sickness, among the poor, could be raised to the standard which prevails among the higher classes, the whole average mortality of this country would doubtless be reduced, by an amount at least as great as it is already less than that of the most unhealthy countries of Europe. Whilst in England and Scotland no more than 1 in 58 now die every year out of the whole population, 1 in 45 annually die in Germany, 1 in 39 in France, 1 in 30 in Turkey and in Italy in general, and 1 in 28 in the Roman and Venetian states; so that it would almost seem that, the more favourable the climate, the greater carelessness is there respecting the other means that conduce to the preservation of life and health.'

It also appears—and the fact is extremely instructive—that in the countries where plague still holds its ground, those who live most in accordance with nature's institutions are least liable to be its victims. 'When the plague breaks out,' says Dr Bowring, 'its ravages are always greatest among the poorest and least civilised of the population. The proportion of Europeans who are attacked is invariably small, and the cities and the parts of cities which are most distinguished for comfort and cleanliness are seldom attacked at all. In Constantinople, Pera and the Frank districts enjoy almost an immunity against plague. In Damascus, it is mainly in the close and crowded portions of the city that the plague breaks out; the neighbouring villages, some of which are neatly and judiciously built, are generally retreats of safety. When once conversing with the governor on the subject of the health of the city and the establishment of lazarets, he agreed that the unhealthiest parts of the place were those where dead dogs and camels and heaps of decayed vegetables were deposited, and acknowledged that it would be desirable to try the experiment of removing them. At Cairo, in the plague of 1835, when 33,733 persons died, only 515 were Christians. In the plague in Alexandria in 1835, the grade of opulence and of social position determined the amount of mortality. Among the English, French, Russians, and Germans, the classes possessing the greatest amount of comfort, the mortality was five to the 1000. Among the Italians and Maltese, who occupy the lowest position of European society, the mortality was seven to 1000. The Turks among the Mussulman races are by far the best off, and the mortality there was twelve to 1000. Among the Arab soldiers, fifteen; among the Egyptian peasantry (Fellahs), sixty-one in 1000; and in the lowest social scale, the negro population, the mortality was eighty-four in 1000, being nearly seventeen times greater than among the richest classes of Europeans.'

\* Popular Cyclopædia of Natural Science—Animal Physiology. W. & Orr and Co.: London. 1844.

\* Speech of Dr John Bowring on submitting his resolution relative to the Quarantine Laws, in the House of Commons, July 23, 1844. From Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.

We have here pointed to but one class of remediable evils, but it is nothing more than a type of many others. One principle rules throughout all—that the evil depends for its existence on human ignorance, superstition, indifference, or wilful error. And it is equally clear in all cases that the remedy is in man's own power, if he would only use the powers which his bountiful Creator has bestowed upon him. There is a false spirit of resignation to many of these evils, which can only be spoken of patiently for the sake of the true spirit with which it is connected, or for which it is mistaken. It may be treated with mildness, but it should receive no encouragement, and every effort should be made to substitute for it a desire to struggle against and extinguish the evils to which it refers.

### FACTS AND TRADITIONS CONCERNING SHAKSPEARE.

#### CONCLUDING PAPER.

THE London life of Shakspeare awakened a crowd of brilliant and interesting associations; yet, in exploring it, we are compelled to grope among a few dry or doubtful facts, dates, and traditions. Here, in the society of the great, the learned, and the witty, we should expect to find written memorials of the poet by some of his gifted associates. There were the poets and wits of the Falcon and Mermaid—the gallant Raleigh, Ben Jonson, young Beaumont—the well-mannered Daniel, Michael Drayton, his countryman, Dekker—nay, even Spenser; from none of them have we remaining a letter or memorandum concerning the greatest of all their band. No report of the 'wit combats,' with their jests and sallies, 'so nimble and so full of subtle flame'—no note of the crowds or cheers at the Globe or Blackfriars—or of the smart sayings of the young nobles, the court, or the critics, on the first night of 'Will's last new play.' Ben Jonson, indeed, came forward when Shakspeare was no more, to tell us of his love of the man, and his admiration of the poet; but we have no contemporary record of his familiar life, or of the impression made by his wonderful dramas. Shakspeare is supposed to have quitted Stratford for London in 1586 or 1587. He might have gone earlier: his twin children were baptised at Stratford on the 2d of February 1585, and probably this double addition to his domestic burdens and responsibilities prompted him to active and immediate exertion. This is the more likely, if we believe he was noticed as a dramatist by Spenser so early as 1590. After publishing the first three books of his *Fairy Queen* in January of that year, Spenser returned to Ireland, and next year his publisher collected and printed some of his smaller pieces, 'dispersed abroad in sundry hands, and not easy to be come by by himself.' One of these poems is entitled 'The Tears of the Muses,' in which the 'sacred sisters nine' are introduced as lamenting the decay of genius and taste. Thalia, the muse of comedy, gives a woful description of the state of the drama, from which had been banished

'Fine counterfeits and unwhorlful sport,  
Delight and laughter decked in seemly sort.'

Then follows the passage which is supposed to allude to Shakspeare:—

'And he, the man whom Nature's self had made  
To mock herself, and truth to imitate  
With kindly counter under mimic shade—  
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late,  
With whom all joy and jolly merriment  
Is also dreading, and in colour drent.'

The poet adds, that 'scuffling scurrility,' and 'shameless rhymes,' and ribaldry, had taken the place of wit on the stage.

'But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen  
Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow,  
Scorning the boldness of such base-born men,  
Which dare their follies froth so rashly throw,  
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,  
Than so himself to mockery to sell.'

This character applies exactly to Shakspeare—'our gentle Willy,' who could mock Nature herself—and it applies properly to no other dramatist of the day. Neither Drayton nor Daniel (whom Spenser might be willing to compliment) was then a dramatist. Lyly was the precursor of Shakspeare, but his plays are feeble, mythological, or conceited performances, containing musical lines and classical imagery, but without real nature. Peele and Green were dramatic writers, not without talent and poetical fancy, but their comedy was poor and farcical. On the other hand, it is difficult to believe that, in the short space of four or five years after Shakspeare's arrival in London, he could have so distinguished himself by the production of genuine comedies; that these, again, should have been overpowered and driven from the stage by low and scurrilous performances; and, finally, that, disgusted with the public taste, the poet should have withdrawn to 'sit in idle cell.' To Shakspeare, however, the praise must belong—such was the opinion of Dryden—and high praise it was from the inspired laureate of Elizabeth!—at the age of twenty-six, the youth of Stratford had overtopped all his university-bred rivals and contemporaries, and was hailed with kindred feeling and cordial panegyric by the greatest poet of his age. When, seven years afterwards, Spenser was carried to his grave in Westminster Abbey, 'his hearse attended,' as Camden relates, 'by poets and mournful elegies, and poems, with the pens that wrote them thrown into his tomb,' we may be sure that Shakspeare was among the number of the mourners!

The author of the *Fairy Queen* is supposed to have made another allusion to the great dramatist in his pastoral poem, 'Colin Clout's Come Home Again,' written in 1594 or 1595:—

'And then, though last, not least is Action;  
A gentler shepherd may nowher be found;  
Whose muse, full of high thoughts' invention,  
Doth like himself heroically sound.'

Malone (who considered the former quotation as applying to Lyly) gives this unhesitatingly to Shakspeare. The martial name and romantic dramas of the poet certainly seem pointed at; yet we have sometimes thought that Spenser intended the honour for the fine old poet, William Warner, whose historical, legendary, and descriptive poem, 'Albion's England,' was first published in 1566, and was exceedingly popular. Warner's name has also a heroic sound, and his muse had both high and rich thoughts.

Towards the close of the year 1592, we have allusions to Shakspeare much clearer than those of Spenser, and informing us of his reputation both as a writer and an actor. These are the well-known passages by Robert Greene and Chettle. Greene, in his pamphlet, 'A Groatworth of Wit,' mentions Shakspeare indirectly as 'a crow beautified with the feathers' of other dramatists, and as 'an absolute Johannes Factotum.' Chettle gives distinct and favourable testimony:—'Myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes. Besides (he adds), divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art.' From these passages, we may gather that Shakspeare had been employed in adapting old or inferior plays for the stage, and that he had also given evidence of his 'facetious grace' in original composition. That he was 'excellent in the quality' he professed, namely, as an actor, is confirmed by the tradition mentioned by Aubrey and others. He was inferior, perhaps, to the great tragedian Burbage; and he had too much dignity of personal character for low comedy; but he excelled in grave and lofty characters. He must soon, however, have been aware that poetry was the peculiar vocation for which nature had designed him. His two poems, *Venus and Adonis* (1593), and *The Rape of Lucrece* (1594), are works evincing great facility of versification and command of poetical resources. They seem to have been hastily thrown off

—the *setting* is not equal to the value of the materials—yet the easy vigour and prolific fancy of the dramatist are seen in these sketches.

Of his great dramas, and the marvellous prodigality with which they were poured forth, it is not our intention here to speak. Criticism and admiration have been almost exhausted on the subject. He, in fact, created the English drama; for though his contemporaries are sometimes sweet in style, and redundant in fancy—though Marlowe had his 'mighty line,' and bold sweep of passionate delineation—their works have no consistency, judgment, or truthful simplicity. In art, as well as genius, Shakspeare soared above all his contemporaries. He had the true unity—not of the schools—but of nature and wisdom. During the progress of those marvellous works, we have one or two glimpses of Shakspeare's residences and style in London. In 1596, as appears from a paper which belonged to Alleyn the player, he lived in Southwark, near the Bear-Garden. From this he seems to have removed to the parish of St Helen, Bishopsgate, where is Crosby Hall, and where, in the church, are the monuments of Sir John Crosby and Sir Thomas Gresham, and of other worthy citizens. Mr Hunter publishes an assessment-roll of the 40th of Queen Elizabeth, or 1598, for levying the first of three entire subsidies which were granted to the queen; and 'William Shakspeare' is rated at 13s. 4d. In 1609 he was residing in the Liberty of the Clink, in Southwark, and he was assessed, at the very highest rate, to a weekly payment for the relief of the poor, at the rate of sixpence, being one of five assessed at this sum; while even the 'Lady Buckley' paid only fourpence. In a decayed portion of a letter written by the wife of Edward Alleyn, 20th October, 1603, Shakspeare is mentioned; and this incidental allusion to the great poet, as moving about in ordinary life, is not without strong interest: 'About a week ago there came a youth who said he was Mr Francis Chaloner, would have borrowed L.10 to have bought things for — and said he was known unto you, and Mr Shakspeare of the Globe, who came — said he knew him not, only he heard of him that he was a rogue — so he was glad we did not lend him the money.\*'

In 1835 Mr Collier published some 'New Facts regarding the Life of Shakspeare,' derived from the manuscripts at Bridgewater House, belonging to Lord Ellesmere, whose name is well known as keeper of the great seal to Queen Elizabeth, and lord chancellor to James I. Unfortunately, these papers are of doubtful character, and are supposed to have been fabricated by Stevens, on purpose to mislead Malone. One of them represents Shakspeare as a sharer or proprietor in the Blackfriars theatre as early as 1589, there being fifteen others in the company, eleven of whose names precede his in the list. The next of these documents is an estimate of the value of the whole property in the theatre at the Blackfriars, and of each particular sharer in it, made in 1608. Shakspeare is represented as holding four shares, the same as his fellows Burbage and Fletcher, which he valued at L.933, 6s. 8d.; in addition to which he was owner of the wardrobe and properties of the theatre, for which he asked L.500—the whole being equal to between L.6000 and L.7000 of our present money. The last of these papers is a copy of a letter purporting to be addressed to Lord Ellesmere, signed only 'H. S.,' supposed to be the initials of Henry Southampton, the noble patron of Shakspeare. The object of this letter is to solicit the kind offices of the lord chancellor in favour of 'the poor players of the Blackfriars,' whom the lord mayor and aldermen were anxious to displace. Shakspeare is mentioned as 'till of late an actor of good account in the company, now a sharer in the same, and writer of some of our best English plays.' There are discrepancies in these documents, and statements at variance with known facts, which tend to throw a doubt over the genuineness of the whole; and

Mr Hunter considers they have very much the appearance of papers such as those with which, it is well known, Stevens (who had access to the Egerton papers), in the perversity of his humour, was accustomed to abuse the enthusiasm of his Shakspearian friends, and to perplex the judgment of the more knowing.

Some of the recent commentators have made Shakspeare visit France and Italy. Mr Brown, in his work on the Sonnets of Shakspeare, gives him in imagination a direct line of travel from Venice, through Padua, Bologna, and Florence, to Pisa—perhaps going a little out of his way to visit Verona, the scene of his own Romeo and Juliet. This is being precise enough. Miss Martineau and Mr Knight have also come to the conclusion that the poet visited Italy. The conjecture rests solely on the internal evidence of some of the plays, particularly the Taming of the Shrew, in which the notices of Italian manners, the names of the characters, distance of places, &c. are accurate and minute. The Merchant of Venice is also full of national painting: 'Shakspeare, in addition to the general national spirit of the play, describes the Exchange held on the Rialto, the riches of their merchants, their argosies

"From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England;  
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India;"

some with silks and spices richly fraught. He represents the trade and profit of the city as consisting of all nations; he talks familiarly of the masquing mates with their torch-bearers in the streets; of the common ferry which trades to Venice, where Portia is to meet Balthazar, after he had delivered the letter to Doctor Belario, at Padua, the seat of law; and

"In a gondola were seen together  
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica."\*

It is certainly pleasing to find the beautiful poetry and exquisite fancy of this play united to correctness of costume and colouring. There is nothing improbable in the supposition that the poet took a trip to France and Italy (then common enough among the higher English); but we conceive him rather picking up his knowledge from books and men in London, and visiting only the banks of the Avon. He is equally at home with the ancient Romans, and with almost every other mode of life. His nautical phrases in the Tempest are so true and technical, that they would seem to proclaim him a sailor; he is an adept in horticulture, was acquainted with all modes of rural economy, and abounds so much in legal terms, that he is supposed to have sat for years in his youth at a lawyer's desk. To such a person—mixing with all classes, and studying all that could bear upon his subject—the manners of Italian life would present no difficulty. The same remark, in our opinion, applies to the supposition that Shakspeare had visited Scotland.† In the winter of 1599 a company of English players arrived in Edinburgh, at the request of King James; and in October 1601 the regular drama was for the first time produced in Aberdeen, by Queen Elizabeth's company (evidently the same that had been in Edinburgh). A special letter from his majesty secured them a most favourable reception: they were entertained at supper by the magistrates, and received a reward of thirty-two merks; while the freedom of the borough was bestowed on their manager, Lawrence Fletcher, afterwards associated with Shakspeare in the patent granted by James on his accession to the English throne. Had Shakspeare been of the party, we should have had him presented with the freedom of the city as well as Lawrence Fletcher. King James would have specially noticed and recommended one with whose poetry and plays he must have been familiar. So eminent a writer would not have been unnoticed either in Edinburgh or Aberdeen. But we know that Shakspeare had no desire to make himself 'a motley to the

\* Shakspeare's Autobiographical Poems. By C. A. Brown: 1838.

† The arguments for the contrary supposition are stated in a paper in No. 17, new series.—Ed.

\* Collier's Memoirs of Edward Alleyn.

view,' or distinguish himself as an actor; and he had then no occasion to undertake a strolling excursion with his fellows, being at that time the owner of New Place, and 'possessed of no small gains.' We have no doubt he remained to superintend his flourishing establishment at the Blackfriars, while Lawrence Fletcher and some of the inferior performers were 'starring' it in wild Scotland. It has been argued that Shakespeare took his description of Macbeth's castle in Inverness from local observation. We suspect he was no such venturesome scene-hunter. A journey of above a hundred miles, either from Perth or Aberdeen (allowing the poet to have been with his fellow-comedians in Scotland), through the wild passes of the Highlands (then with scarce a bridle road), or along the bleak and stormy east coast, was a task both of considerable danger and fatigue. King James sentenced one or two contumacious preachers to banishment in Inverness; but assuredly Shakespeare did not voluntarily travel, in the wet month of October, to that northern region, to take the altitude of a hill, or survey the ruins of a castle. His exquisite description of the scene of Duncan's murder, with its 'loved mansionry' and 'pleasant seat,' is a mere fancy picture, drawn with consummate skill, to heighten the effect of the deed of blood by the force of contrast. There is nothing in Macbeth of local painting, manners, or superstition, which Shakespeare did not find in his Holinshed, or other books, or could easily conceive in his teeming imagination.

In the sonnets of Shakespeare, we have a record of his mind and feelings, at a time when he was in the fulness of his manhood and his fame. It is a painful record, and we would fain believe, with Mr Knight, that many of these heart-stricken effusions are written in a fictitious character. Some of them had been circulated before 1598, in which year Francis Meres, a collector, mentions Shakespeare's 'sugared sonnets among his private friends.' They were not published till 1609, when Thomas Thorpe, a bookseller, gave them to the world with this curious dedication:—'*To the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets, Mr W. H., all happiness, and that deity promised by our ever-living poet, wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth.*' T. T." Mr Brown considers these sonnets as forming a series of poems, the greater part addressed to some male friend for whom he entertains a passion amounting to idolatry, and the remainder to a female, his mistress, whom he charges with infidelity. They are full of passion and true poetry, but also marred with the conceit and hyperbole so common in that age. The chief interest attaching to them is the curiosity to know what person of the times was the object of Shakespeare's enthusiastic regard? To whom did he unbosom himself in such confiding strains? What man was worthy of such implicit devotion? The self-abasement of the great poet is marvellous: the passion which seems for a time to have been so fatal to his peace, was also destructive of the manliness and integrity of his character. 'Mr W. H.' is supposed to have been William Herbert, afterwards the Earl of Pembroke, a nobleman of talent, but ill deserving such homage. The only biographical particulars to be deduced from the sonnets are, that their author regretted that his profession was that of an actor, whence 'his name received a brand;' and that his friend seduced from him his mistress—which offence the poet forgave! The mystery which hangs over these sonnets, their careless and confused arrangement, and the uncertainty as to the person to whom they are addressed, make us glad to forget that in them Shakespeare seems to speak in his own character. We would fain see them wholly, or in part, proved to be the work of some other poet of the age of Elizabeth; and we rejoice to think that there is no evidence that Shakespeare sanctioned their publication.

'Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem  
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!  
The rose looks fair, but fairer we deem  
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.

The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye  
As the perfumed tincture of the roses  
Hung on such thorns, and play as wantonly  
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:  
But for their virtue only is their show;  
They live unwooded, and unrespected fade;  
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.'—54th Sonnet.

The tendency of all the recent researches and discoveries as to the chronology of Shakespeare's plays, is to show that they were written earlier than was formerly supposed. The Tempest was long considered to be his latest production, and hence it possessed, as Mr Campbell finely said, 'a sort of sacredness;' as if 'conscious that this was to be his last work, the poet had been inspired to typify himself as a wise, potent, and benevolent magician.' The Tempest, however, as has lately been ascertained, was acted at Whitehall in 1611. Othello and the Twelfth Night were produced before 1602. Macbeth and the Roman plays were not printed till after the death of their author; and we have no information as to their first performance on the stage. Perhaps about the year 1605, or his fortieth year, may be considered the period when his mind had attained its full maturity, and his imagination received most of its wondrous stores of knowledge, drawn from reading and observation. He was then prepared to achieve—and he did achieve—the greatest efforts of human intellect in the wide realms of poetry. The last mention of his name as an actor occurs under the date of April 1604; and he must have been resident wholly at Stratford before 1613; for in an indenture executed by him on the 10th of March in that year, for the purchase of a dwelling-house in the precinct of the Blackfriars, he is described as 'William Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman.' He would not have been so designated in a London deed, if he had continued to reside in the metropolis. 'He would find still living at Stratford,' says Mr Hunter, 'all the families of the better condition whom he had left there—the Combes, Nashes, Reynoldses, Quineys, Sadlers, Lanes, Bishops—who would form for him a social circle, in which he might find more true enjoyment than in the intercourse which he had with the ingenious and the great, or in the triumph of his matchless genius over the envious people by whom he had been surrounded.' He would also occasionally meet his brother poet and friend, Michael Drayton, who was a frequent visitor at Clifford, only a mile from Stratford. The poet's own means were ample, and such as would enable him to practise a liberal hospitality. The income of Shakespeare could not be less than £1500 per annum of our present money. His fellow-comedians, Alleyn and Burbage, were equally wealthy; so that the gains of a theatrical manager and performer were in those days, under prudent management, superior to those of most ordinary occupations. Genius and prudence have indeed rarely been so combined as in the case of Shakespeare. As an author, he had no idiosyncrasies to mar the even flow of his conceptions, or distort his views of nature; and as a man, he seems to have been distinguishable only by his unaffected cheerfulness and good nature.

Our notices respecting the life of Shakespeare would be incomplete without the passage from Ward's Diary, first published in 1839. The Rev. John Ward was vicar of Stratford from 1648 to 1679. He knew nothing personally of the poet; but writing forty-six years after his death, he thus recorded a tradition as to that event:—

'I have heard that Mr Shakespeare was a natural wit, without any art at all. He frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for it had an allowance so large, that he spent at the rate of £1000 a-year, as I have heard. Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson, had a merry-meeting, and it seems drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted.'

The art of Shakespeare has been canvassed more fully

and wisely since the days of this incurious vicar; but there may be an *admiration* of the truth in the report of the merry-meeting between the three poets. 'The will of Shakspeare was begun on February 25, 1615-16, and completed on March 25, 1616. Shakspeare died on April 23d following. There was time, therefore, to have re-copied the will; and this must have been intended. He describes himself as in perfect health when the will was made, yet he dies so soon afterwards. This looks as if his sickness and death were sudden, and gives some countenance to the tradition concerning his death preserved by Ward.\*

The corrections and interlineations in the will seem to prove that it was a first draught, intended, as Mr Hunter supposes, to be re-copied, while the feeble and trembling handwriting of the poet, seen in the signatures of his name, betokens haste no less than the pressure of mortal sickness. The last warning had come, and there was no time for delay—

\* Some say, the Genius so  
Cries, Come! to him that instantly must die.  
—*Troilus and Cressida*.

And Shakspeare died on his birthday, and was interred in the church where he was baptised. The affection of his relatives raised a fitting monument to his memory. But the whole church may be considered his mausoleum; and its tall spire rising above the woods of the Avon, shall, for generations yet to come, fix the eyes of the pilgrim-poet and the wanderer from many lands.

### THE BANKRUPT'S SON.

A NARRATIVE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

It sometimes happens that the characters of individuals assume a decided form by the intervention of an unexpected incident, or the being placed in new and responsible situations. Few, indeed, whose lives have been marked by uncommon energy and determination, tending to the accomplishment of a definite purpose, but may trace the starting point—the crisis in their history—to some event which, by rousing their dormant faculties, or exciting some hitherto slumbering motive, has given a new turn to their habits, and a new colour to their lives.

George Belmont was in his nineteenth year when he received a summons to attend the sick-bed of his father, who, after maintaining a high reputation as a tradesman during the greater portion of his life, had failed in business, and whose constitution, already shaken by cares and disappointments, sunk under the combined evils of poverty and a keen sense of the degradation he believed attendant upon his bankruptcy. George was his eldest child. He had received a liberal education, and been intended for a physician; but his father's difficulties having deprived him of the means of completing his professional studies, he had obtained a situation in the counting-house of an extensive manufacturer in the town of C—. Up to this period of his life George had manifested no extraordinary energy or ability, but was regarded by his employer as a steady well-disposed youth, possessing merely business talent sufficient to enable him to discharge his duties in a satisfactory manner.

Young Belmont, who was considerably disappointed in not being able to follow the profession he had chosen, and who imagined that he had a distaste for mercantile affairs, contented himself with the bare performance of his prescribed duty, indulging secretly the hope that something might yet turn up more congenial to his wishes. From this dream of the future he was, however, effectually aroused when standing by the bedside of his dying father—a sense of the responsibility attaching to him as eldest child, and only son of a widowed mother, came home to his understanding and to his

heart. On George's arrival at home, he found that his father had been some hours speechless, though it was evident to his afflicted relations that he retained full possession of his faculties. With the anxious searching look so common to the dying, he gazed now on his wife, now on his little daughter, and then his eager eye sought the countenance of his son, who, struggling with emotion, made a vigorous effort to conduct himself with manly fortitude. Replying to the wistful and touching look fixed on him, George said—'My dear father, I will, by the help of God, endeavour to supply your place to my mother and sister. I am young and strong. For your sake and theirs, I will devote myself to business, and do not doubt but I shall be able to make them comfortable.' And as the youth uttered these words, in a voice tremulous with grief, he bowed his head, and tears fell thick and fast upon the almost rigid hand he held in his own.

But it now became evident that, though George had in part rightly interpreted his father's wishes, something yet remained unexpressed, which disturbed his last moments; for he made violent efforts to speak, and with much difficulty articulated—'I wish to say more—something more.' George stooped to listen, but could only catch the words—'Should it ever be in your power—my son, promise me—' It was agonising to witness his ineffectual efforts to proceed; but just then the truth flashed across his son's mind, and he exclaimed with earnestness—'I understand you, dear father; and I do most solemnly promise, that if it should be in my power, I will pay your creditors to the uttermost farthing; and may God prosper me as I fulfil this promise.'

A beam of joyful satisfaction illuminated the countenance of Mr Belmont. He grasped the hand of his son, and appeared to invoke a blessing upon him. The weight removed from the mind of the sufferer, he peacefully closed his eyes, and in a few hours George Belmont was fatherless.

This sad event proved an epoch in the life of the young man. The affecting scene he had witnessed, the solemn engagement he had entered into, together with his new and heavy responsibilities, combined to endow him with strength of purpose to apply vigorously to business. Though very young, he soon rendered himself useful and even necessary to his employer, who was glad to secure his services by such an increase of salary as, joined to a trifling annuity secured to the widow, enabled the family to live in comfort and maintain a respectable appearance. Shortly after her husband's death, Mrs Belmont removed to C—, where she not only had the advantage of her son's society, but was also enabled to place her daughter Emily at a good day school.

It is well known that success in any employment naturally begets a fondness for it; and thus it proved with George Belmont, whose activity and devotion to business increased with increasing years. Nor did his prosperity tempt him to swerve even in idea from his intention to pay the debts which so heavily weighed down the spirit of his poor father; but George had yet to learn that there may be opposing motives, which may render the performance of duty distasteful and difficult. This lesson he was taught by painful experience.

Amongst Emily's schoolfellows there was one with whom she formed a close intimacy, and from whose society she derived both pleasure and advantage. Anna Burton was about three years older than Emily. Her father was a solicitor, and though not rich, he moved in society to which the Belmonts had not access. Childish intimacy ripened into friendship as the two girls approached womanhood. Through the interest of Mrs Burton, Emily, when in her eighteenth year, obtained a situation as daily governess, which furnished her with the means of independence, and enabled her still to enjoy the society of her mother and brother. The amiable qualities of Miss Burton, her beauty,

talents, and, above all, the attention she paid to Mrs Belmont and Emily, won the esteem and affection of George, and inspired him with fresh motives to exertion. Receiving as much encouragement as a timid and respectful lover can expect so long as his sentiments remain undeclared, George for a time indulged in blissful anticipations of future happiness, though without distinctly examining the foundation on which they were placed. A cessation in the visits of Miss Burton first led him into a train of uneasy reflections on this subject, and compelled him to deal faithfully with his own heart, and to investigate his intentions. From his sister, George learned that there was no diminution in Miss Burton's regard for her. On the contrary, Emily declared that she found her increasingly kind and attentive, with this only difference, that she avoided all occasions of intercourse with her brother. It was evident, then, that she was influenced either by coquetry or the wishes of her friends. A little consideration convinced George that the latter was the true reason.

And now followed a struggle between duty and inclination—the most severe, perhaps, to which a young man similarly circumstanced can be exposed. From the period of his father's death, young Belmont had observed the most rigid economy, denying himself even the reasonable and proper indulgences suitable to his age, in order to lay by part of his earnings towards the accomplishment of that object which he looked upon as the most sacred and important of his life. Though this pious fund was not yet sufficient to enable him to redeem his pledge, he was master of a sum large enough to place him in a situation to ask the hand of his beloved Anna. Delay might endanger the happiness of his whole life. He could not bear that the woman he loved should labour under the imputation of indulging a preference for one who did not possess the sanction of her parents, or who was regarded by them as an inferior. Besides, it would only be delaying the payment of his father's debts; his intentions would remain the same—his exertions receive additional stimulus from Anna's approval and sympathy. With such arguments did George for a time endeavour to persuade himself that he might, without injustice, defer the execution of his long-treasured project; but, finally, a sense of right triumphed, and his renewed determination to redeem his pledge imparted to his agitated and troubled spirit a degree of peace to which he had been for some time a stranger.

The affection which George Belmont bore his mother operated as a powerful motive to his perseverance in the path of duty. Her confidence in him was, he knew, unbounded. The hope that he would be the instrument of wiping away the only blot upon the memory of her beloved husband, had hitherto proved the cordial which had sustained and cheered her during the seclusion and privations of her widowhood, imparting to her declining years something of the hopefulness of youth, as she fondly pictured the time when, through the medium of the son, the honour of the father should be fully established, and her children receive the reward of their virtuous exertions and self-denial in the respect of the wise and good. To disappoint these cherished hopes, and betray the trust reposed in him, George felt to be impossible; and he regarded it as most fortunate that, just at this time, he was requested by his employer to undertake a journey to America. The mission about to be intrusted to him was important and confidential. The period of his stay was uncertain; but, on the other hand, the pecuniary advantages it held out were considerable; and it was even hinted that a partnership might prove the result of a satisfactory arrangement of the business.

When George communicated to his mother the offer he had received, she at once advised him to accept it, adding, that the loss of his society would be more than compensated for by her conviction that both his bodily and mental health would be benefited by the change. With cheerful alacrity did this judicious parent super-

intend the necessary preparations for his departure, wisely avoiding all unnecessary and sentimental regrets; and whilst both mother and son refrained from explanations respecting the principal reason which reconciled them to the separation, they fully understood and appreciated the generosity and delicacy of each other.

We hope our readers will not condemn George if we confess that he actually sailed for New York without making a single effort to communicate with the object of his affections; and Anna—but we forbear investigating minutely the state of the lady's feelings; it will suffice to say, that, allowing for the due proportion of the self-inflicted torments to which lovers are liable, she believed that she discerned the true state of the case, and, strong in faith, she hoped for the best.

We will pass over the eighteen months spent by Mr Belmont in the United States, and introduce him again to our readers at the end of that time, greatly improved both in manner and circumstances. Extensive intercourse with the world, joined to the information he had gained in his travels, had done much to correct the too-retiring and almost bashful demeanour of the clerk, whose sedentary and retired habits had kept him ignorant of the forms of polished society. Having skillfully transacted the business on which he was sent, he had received as the reward of his exertions a small share in the lucrative concern to whose interests he had unremittently devoted himself for the last ten years; and though but a month had elapsed since his arrival in England, he had had ample time to prove the truth of the proverb—'Men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself.'

'A month! can it be only a month since my son's return home?' thought Mrs Belmont, as she sat awaiting the return of the young people from an evening party given by George's late employer, for the express purpose of introducing Mr Belmont to a select circle of his friends; 'and yet how many events seem crowded into that short space. My dear George a servant no longer, but a partner in the most extensive concern in C—; his long-hoarded and hardly-earned savings increased to an amount sufficient to enable him to call together the creditors of his father, and satisfy all their just demands; and my daughter—my modest, affectionate Emily—enabled, by his means, to mix on terms of equality with the society she is fited to adorn. "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me," and my "mourning is turned into rejoicing." As these and similar reflections passed through the mind of the mother, her heart swelled with emotions of gratitude to Him who has styled himself the God of the fatherless and widow. She was aroused by carriage-wheels, and in a few minutes was joined by her children.

'Oh, mamma!' exclaimed Emily, as she warmly embraced her, 'you should have been with us this evening to witness your son's triumph. I assure you Mr Belmont has created quite a sensation, and been the lion of the party.'

'Nay, you do injustice to the successful debut of Miss Belmont,' observed her brother gaily; 'what think you, mother, of our little demure governess setting up for a belle?'

'But, seriously,' pursued the young lady, 'it has been highly amusing to witness the polite attentions we have both received from persons who lately would have treated us as inferiors. Mr Burton, especially, was extremely cordial, and so pointed in his behaviour to George, that Anna was evidently distressed by it, and I thought her unusually reserved. If I am not mistaken, he gave you a pressing invitation to his house, Mr Belmont?'

'Yes,' replied George, 'I am happy to say he did. And now, mother, if you are not too tired and sleepy, I should be glad to ask your advice on a subject of great importance to me.'

'I understand you, my dear son, and my advice is—marry. Hitherto your position and circumstances have prescribed silence as your wisest and most honourable

course. Now your altered situation and excellent prospects leave you at liberty to urge your suit. I hope and believe you possess the esteem of our dear Anna. You have my cordial approbation and blessing.

'Thank you; this is only what I expected from you, dear mother; but I feel far from sanguine as to my success. I think—that is, I hope—Anna and I understand each other; but, notwithstanding Mr Burton's apparent cordiality, I apprehend some difficulty respecting the disposal I am about to make of my ready money. You know I cannot marry without funds, and I fear he will neither make me any advance, nor sanction the necessary delay. In that case, what I am to do is the question.'

'Would it not be advisable to wait until you have met the creditors, and settled the business?' suggested Mrs Belmont.

'Dear mother, no. I cannot consent to keep Anna longer in suspense. I am no stoic, and my experience this night has convinced me that it would be unjust to her to postpone my declaration. No, no; I will seal my fate to-morrow; and if Mr Burton raises objections, Anna will at all events know that I am not to blame.'

Having made this magnanimous resolve, George went to bed, but not to sleep. Excited by his recent interview with Miss Burton, whose unaffected delicacy and womanly reserve had charmed and touched him, and agitated by doubts and fears as to the result of his interview with her father, he lay ruminating upon his prospects; and when at last he fell into an uneasy slumber, his dreams were but a continuation of his waking reveries.

With a beating heart did our hero knock at the door of Mr Burton's house on the following morning, and request a private audience of that gentleman. On being ushered into the library, George at once explained the object of his visit with the eloquence which true feeling never fails to inspire, urging his long-cherished affection, and touching slightly upon the pain and anxiety he had endured whilst following the course he deemed honourable with his sense of the relative positions of Miss Burton and himself. So far all seemed prosperous. Nothing could exceed the urbanity of Mr Burton, who warmly commended the line of conduct pursued by his young friend, and expressed himself much obliged by it; but when George proceeded to state briefly and simply the obligations which devolved upon him, previous to his settlement in life, he was listened to with constrained politeness. In vain did he pause in his relation for an expression of sympathy or look of approbation. A silent bow was the only token vouchsafed by his auditor. Embarrassed, he scarcely knew why, George found himself at the end of his story with a consciousness that he had utterly failed in making the impression he had desired. After a pause of a few moments, during which Mr Burton appeared waiting in expectation of some further communication, he said, 'You are not so young a man, Mr Belmont, nor so ignorant of the world, as to entertain any romantic notions respecting love in a cottage, I presume; I am therefore at a loss to understand your precise motive in honouring me with this explanation.' With increased confusion George replied that he had hoped for Mr Burton's advice (he had well nigh said assistance). He considered it his duty thus explicitly to state his circumstances previous to making any attempt to ascertain the sentiments of Miss Burton towards himself, a point on which he felt naturally most solicitous; and his prospects being now good, he trusted a little delay would not prove a serious objection.

'Certainly not,' was Mr Burton's reply; 'but since you have expressed a wish for my advice, you must allow me to say, that I think the intention you entertain relative to your father's affairs, though it does great credit to your filial feelings, is rather singular, and the obligation more imaginary than real. It is well known that your father's misfortunes were the result of unfortunate circumstances, and not of any misconduct on his

part. He acted throughout in an upright manner, and no blame can possibly attach to his memory. It appears to me unnecessary that you should inconvenience yourself for the sake of doing what neither law nor equity requires of you.'

'I will not attempt to argue the point with you, sir,' George modestly answered; 'but I must remind you that I am bound by a voluntary and solemn promise, given at a time when such engagements are deemed most sacred.'

'Well, well,' rejoined Mr Burton, 'there is no need of hurry. Let me recommend you to take time to reconsider the matter. Do nothing in haste, my young friend. A few years cannot affect the spirit of the promise. Allow me to recall your words, I hope a little delay will not prove a serious objection.' Here Mr Burton indulged in a patronising laugh; then rising, he added, 'In the meantime, I shall be happy to introduce you to Miss Burton, with whom you can talk over this weighty affair. The influence of the ladies is, we know, most powerful; and should you decide to make use of the cash for a time, I shall raise no obstacle to your wishes, and regret that my affairs will not admit of my doing more at present.'

The mortification and disappointment George had experienced during this conversation were amply atoned for by the cordiality with which Anna sympathised in his views, and strengthened his purposes. Had her father commended his intentions, and offered to find him means of marrying without delay, he could not have had a lighter heart, or more buoyant spirits, than were the results of his explanation with the daughter, in whose affection and constancy he felt unbounded reliance. True, their union must be postponed, and that to an indefinite period; but they should commence life free and unshackled, indebted to their mutual prudence and self-denial for that independence which they only can appreciate who have known the misery arising from a load of debt.

About a week after George's interview with Mr Burton, that gentleman, whilst seated at breakfast, glancing over the county newspaper, observed, to his no small surprise, an advertisement addressed to the creditors of the late Mr Belmont, appointing an early day for the examination and discharge of their respective claims. With a mixture of sarcasm and vexation, he commented upon what he styled the quixotic folly of the cool and unimpassioned lover he congratulated his daughter on possessing. To his remarks Anna listened in silence; but the expression of her fine countenance, and her whole demeanour, evinced such perfect contentment, such calm and settled happiness, that the man of the world was abashed, as the conviction flashed across his mind that his child enjoyed a felicity superior in kind, and more lasting in duration, than ever could result from the realisation of the most brilliant schemes of a merely selfish nature. There are moments when the most worldly characters are compelled to believe in the existence of disinterested virtue; and it is seldom such belief reaches the understanding through the medium of the affections, without exercising a beneficial and softening influence. Certain it is, that from this time Mr Burton refrained from any allusions to George's folly; and though he stood aloof from rendering active service to the lovers, he offered no obstacle to Mr Belmont's visits as his daughter's affianced husband.

A little more than a year elapsed after Mr Belmont's return from America, before he found himself able to offer a home to his beloved Anna. It would doubtless have required a much longer time, had not her wishes and views been moderate as his own. Who can describe his happiness as he sat by the clear bright fire on his own hearth, his wife by his side, fully alive to the sweet influences of home and domestic enjoyment, heightened by the consciousness that to his own persevering exertions he was indebted for his present position and prospects.

The young people had been married only a month,

and had that day returned from their wedding tour. The friends assembled to welcome them were departed. The skill and good taste of Emily, who had during their absence arranged their little establishment, had been warmly commended by the bride, who was by no means insensible to the importance of being mistress of a house she could call her own. It was Saturday evening. The morrow must usher them into the little world of which henceforward they should form a part; and there are few young couples, with affection as true and strong as theirs, but regret the termination of the marriage excursion. To mix in general society, give and receive the visits of mere acquaintances, and engage in the every-day business of life, appears, under such circumstances, no inconsiderable sacrifice. So thought our bride and bridegroom, who discussed their future plans, and indulged in past reminiscences on this evening with as much seriousness as if they apprehended it was the last they should spend alone.

'And now, Anna,' inquired George, 'tell me candidly, do you not regret advising me to reject the offered loan of my partner, that we might have commenced life with a little more style?' 'No, indeed, I do not.'

'But, dearest, only consider the remarks your genteel acquaintances will make on the very plain and unpretending furniture, and the smallness of the house.'

'Fortunately I shall not hear their remarks,' returned she laughing; 'and if I did, I could assure them that I have more pleasure in knowing that what we possess is truly our own, than all the borrowed style in the world could afford me.'

'To say nothing of the pleasure your generous heart experiences in the sacrifice you made for my mother,' added her husband with tenderness.

'Oh, George, let that subject never more be mentioned between us. You humble and mortify me by such allusions. I must indeed be selfish to hesitate between the comfort of our dear parent and a silver tea-service, which after all would have been rather out of place here.'

'Yet your father gave you money for that express purpose, and how can you account to him for its non-appearance?'

'Oh, as to that, I shall preserve a discreet silence. I hardly expect he will inquire into the history of my magnificent dowry.'

'If he should, I will provide you with an answer,' said George, rising and unlocking a small closet placed in a recess, and displaying to the astonished gaze of his bride a handsome collection of plate, consisting of tea and coffee equipage, salver, cake-basket, and candlestick.

'My dear George, how came you by these expensive articles?' she inquired.

Her husband placed a letter in her hand, and gently drawing her to the sofa, sat by her side as she read it. It was from the creditors of the late Mr Belmont, and was dated two months previous to the time of George's marriage. Its purport was to inform him that, wishful to offer him a testimonial of their esteem, they had made a selection of plate, which they trusted would prove acceptable in the interesting circumstances in which they understood him to be placed. To this announcement was subjoined a list of the articles. Various were the emotions of the young wife as she read. Feelings of gratified affection, however, predominated; and, finding no words to express them, a few unbidden tears fell on the letter as she quietly refolded it. Her fond husband kissed them away.

'You do not inquire why I kept this affair a secret,' he remarked.

'I suppose you wished to give me an agreeable surprise?' she replied.

'I did at first; but when your father presented you with money to purchase plate, and you insisted upon applying it to my mother's use, I loved you so dearly for your self-denial, that I almost feared to break the charm by telling you of our riches; so I put it off, that I might the longer admire my wife's superiority to the foibles of her sex.'

'Your wife thanks you; but you overrate my philosophy if you imagine that I shall not feel pride and pleasure in the possession of this delicate and well-timed present.'

'Then you will not think it out of place even in our small house, eh, Anna?'

'No, truly; I can think nothing out of place which serves to remind me that your noble and disinterested conduct has gained the esteem and approbation you so well merit.'

'Rather, my dear wife, let this costly gift serve to inspire us with a thankful recollection of the past, that, in all our future struggles between inclination and duty, we may be enabled to exercise the self-control which at this moment so greatly augments our happiness.'

With such views and principles, it is almost needless to add that the Belmonts continued a prosperous and happy family. In the course of time Emily married, with the approbation of her mother and brother. In the house of her daughter Mrs Belmont found a comfortable home, and lived many years, surrounded by her children's children, fully realising the truth of the wise man's saying—'The just walketh in his integrity; his children are blessed after him.'

### 'MOLLY DOODLES.'

A SKETCH OF IRISH CHARACTER.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

I do not know why the active, quick, intelligent, and most decidedly *clean* little beggar-woman I remember in my young days was called Doodles. Doodles must have been one of those nicknames which the Irish, from the highest to the lowest, are so fond of bestowing. If ever begging was a principle, rather than a necessity, it was in the case of poor Molly. She could knit, spin, sew, and she would do all these occasionally, and for a brief time; but nothing could induce her to accept payment for labour; and if asked for assistance, she would invariably take 'huff,' and absent herself altogether for a month or more from those who would have acted as her taskmasters. The Bannow cottagers knew this; and the dwellers on the moor managed to keep Molly Doodles frequently occupied, by leaving 'a rock of flax' untouched on the wheel, or a stocking just 'set up' on the needles, or a shirt half made on the table, when she came in sight, knowing full well that the little woman's activity would prevent her sitting quiet. She would enter the cabin with the usual benediction of 'God save all here'—be immediately invited to take an 'air of the fire,' or a 'shock of the pipe.' And after she was sufficiently warmed and comforted, she would untie the blue cloak which draped the 'hump' of sundries—meal, potatoes, a blanket, tea-kettle, and a change of clothes—then were strapped over her shoulders. She would then loosen her pack; and, without any invitation, begin to sing a song. Of course the household crowded round Molly, to listen to her wild and pleasing melody; and after a little time, without breaking off, she would draw to 'the wheel,' or take up 'the needles,' or the shirt, and work away—never putting down what she commenced until it was finished. Her knitting was a sort of magical performance; her thick little fingers flying like lightning—twist, over—twist, over; while the ball rolled until it reeled from unusual activity.

Molly's gray restless eyes were as unceasingly employed as her tongue and fingers; yet she bore the amiable character of never fetching or carrying, 'except for good.' She had a purely benevolent mind; seldom begging for herself, but begging boldly for the infirm and helpless of her multitudinous class. Her features were large and coarse; but there was no resisting the wrinkled expression of humour that folded and folded around her mouth. The voice in which she petitioned was soft and musical; and Molly's sad stories were always concluded by a gush of tears. For more than

three years she was invariably accompanied by a long, lean, ugly dog, that was disliked not only by the well-fed creatures of its own species, as a matter of course, but by all Molly's friends and patrons.

'Molly,' I said to her one day, 'I wonder you endure that horrid dog.'

'Sure, if I didn't, no one else would, miss.'

'Yes, that is quite certain: it's very ugly.'

'The ugly and the handsome are sent into the world together; and if the Lord above gives a share of the universe to them both, sure we have no right to take it from them. Besides, what's ugly in your sight, miss (saving yer presence), isn't ugly in mine. The craythur hasn't a shimmer of light in his poor ould eyes, and yet it would be mighty hard, when he turns their darkness on me, to refuse him—the bone of the piece of meat ye're going to order me this first of the blessed month of May; and poor Judy O'Lynn, and her five fatherless children, waiting for it, and they not able to raise their heads after the fever for want of a little nourishment.'

'Molly, you could get plenty of work to do, and earn money for Mrs O'Lynn and her family, if you pleased.'

'It would be a long time before I could earn the price of the meat your ladyship's going to order me. And, sure, the only pleasure I have in life is doing a hand's turn, just for love—that's all. There's no use, dear, in yer evening any sort of slavery to me. I'll walk night and day, and go on my bare knees from this to Newry, to serve any poor Christian that's in trouble, let alone you, or the likes of you; so give me the meat, and God reward you. And there's Reddy the Ranger, poor man. Well, darling miss, I know he takes the drop sometimes; but he's ould, dear, and his wife's left him.'

'When, Molly?'

'The other day, miss, that's all. She died, dear, of a sudden; and to kill the grief, alannan!—ah, sure it isn't that 'd excuse it—for it's a sin and a folly—but, my darling, the heart trouble and the temptation; but he's as good as bookworm at the priest's knee against it, when the first month's over. It's the only way he has to quell the trouble; and I'll not say a word for him now, dear, until his month's up for the drink. If he keeps another month from it, then you'll ask your grandpapa, dear, to give him a pair of trousers. Mr Gray has promised me a coat—one of his scarlet hunting-coats, avourneen; and I have a waistcoat for him in my tea-kettle, so that the craythur will go decent to his grave! Do, dear; that's a darling. It's mighty tall ye're growing, and like yer grandmother, jewel—the heavens be her bed!'

Molly was a heroine too; though her heroism was not rewarded, it was long remembered. She was wading through the Scaur one morning, when she saw a gentleman well known for his parsimony, and distinguished from the numerous family of Whites, of which he was a member, by the name of 'White Shadow'—a lean, thin, pinched up, hungry-looking man, with a full purse and an imperturbable heart. He was coming down the pass when she first saw him; and just as she had waded through the water, White Shadow entered it. Several cockle-gatherers were busied in 'the slob,' and stood still to see him pass over on his half-starved steed. Whether the horse was too weak to encounter the current, or some spirit moved it to get rid of its master, it is impossible to tell; but in less than two minutes the Shadow was struggling with the salt sea current, and crying for assistance. 'Will none of you help him?' said Molly Doodles, unfastening her bundles of beggary. Some of the men shook their heads, and laughed, while the half-naked urchins screamed like frightened sea-mews; in another moment the brave little woman had plunged in to the rescue, swimming strongly and stoutly, until she brought him to shore amid the shouts of the cockle-gatherers, who, though they made no attempt to rescue the man, had saved the horse.

'Good woman, Molly; good woman,' exclaimed the dripping and shivering White Shadow, looking more than ever like the wreck of debased humanity. 'Good

woman—dear me, how warm, and stout, and rosy you look!' and then he fumbled in his pocket, and at last, while the cockle-gatherers crowded round to see what Molly would receive as a reward for her bravery, he drew forth a coin, and placed it in her hand.

'Show us, show us; is it gold, Molly; is it gold?' they inquired.

Molly opened her palm, still swollen from the exertion of saving a drowning man, and there, shrinking into the smallest possible compass, as if thoroughly ashamed of itself, was a solitary old-fashioned silver sixpence!

'And is that all, is that all?' they exclaimed.

'ALL,' repeated Molly, looking at the Shadow from head to foot, wretched and miserably miserable as he was—'ALL, boys dear; and isn't it enough for saving the likes of him?' She turned off with a light scornful laugh, and bestowed the reward upon the next beggar she met.

The miser was no longer called the White, but the Sixpenny Shadow; and the name continued with him, and to his memory, to this day.

Molly flourished in the old times of Irish beggary; but of all the beggars I ever knew, she possessed the most originality, the most ready and gentle wit. If you refused her one thing, she would ask you for another; if you denied that, for a third. It was impossible to get rid of her, for no one had the heart to treat harshly the poor beggar whose benevolence was so eager and earnest, and who was never suspected of falsehood or selfishness. The door was never shut against her; and her singular—indeed I may well call it *peculiar*—cleanliness was always a pleasure to witness. She was also the champion of all the 'great ancient ould families'; and if you asked her what she got last at Mr O—this, or O—the other, who were known to be of fallen fortunes, Molly would answer, 'Troth, dear, I never go near the place at all at all now; I wouldn't take the breath of my nail from 'em—not I indeed; I only pay my duty to the fine old gentleman as he comes from mass, dropping down on my two bare knees, and praying for him heart and soul, as he passes by; and my spirit is such, that I'd knock every head off that would wear a hat before him; cock 'em up with hate, indeed, to cover their *coohens*, and the like of him to the fore! No, dear, my heart's too sore for his honour to trouble him with a sorrow, which now—God help us!—he couldn't cure!'

When Molly's dog died, she adopted a little blind boy instead of her blind quadruped, a fatherless and motherless child; but her love for him did not make her forget the necessities of others. She tormented us just as usual. The boy, she said, was taken care of by all who took care of her; but that was no reason why she wasn't to speak a word for the poor travelling Christians, who were, like herself, the pilgrims of beggary to their life's end.

She was very liberal in her promises of rewards hereafter to those who complied with her requests, praying for 'God to mark 'em to glory,' to 'lighten their path, and pour blessings down on 'em day and night.' 'Crowns in heaven' were always insured to those who bestowed their gifts cheerfully—the heavens were certain to be their bed; and they were secured all manner of earthly joys—the fruits of the blessings of the poor: but these are the ordinary prayers of beggary. Molly often soared higher; and her promise concerning the clothes she begged for Reddy the Ranger, to enable him to walk decent to his grave, is worth remembering. It was many months before Reddy continued a month sober; but at last he did so, and then Molly set about recovering her 'claims.' She slung the jacket and waistcoat over her shoulder in triumph, and called forth her eloquence to obtain the other garment. 'Sure it's not leaving him trusting to a coat and waistcoat to walk decent to his grave you'd be! I'll go bail he'll not go back to the whisky. Oh, then, wiaharogue! if St Patrick had only banished it out of the country! Now do, yer honour, give it for him, and the Lord will increase yer store every hour of yer life. Ah, sure, it

isn't hardening yer heart you'd be against the poor! The young lady said she'd ax it from you, after he'd had his fling for a month, and then took up with dacency and quietness for another: do, and may the Lord bless and prosper you. Sure yer honour wouldn't be worse than the other gentlemen that's helping him; an' if yer honour can throw in a thrille for the widow Gillispie's son that has the sickness, we'll be ever thankful, God help us!

At last a bargain was struck, that if the required garment was given, Molly was to ask nothing else during the next six months. This she promised, cunningly qualifying it with, 'I'll ask nothing else *from yer honour*,' which left her at liberty to torment every other member of the family. At length the trousers were bestowed.

'There!' she exclaimed, 'there, Reddy, it's in luck ye are, ye ould villain of a craythur! but that's a poor thing—that's a poor thing in comparison—a poor thing to yer honour's share!'

'My share, Molly?' inquired the good-natured old gentleman; 'and what's that, I pray you?'

'Ye're here now!' continued Molly, apostrophising the garments; 'ye're here now; but ye'll be in *glory* before him, ye will; and isn't it in luck his honour will be then, when ye give evidence of his charity!'

Poor Molly! the last time I saw her she was old, but still accompanied by the blind boy she had fostered when a child. They were sitting by the road-side, and he was playing on the flute the airs she used to sing. I inquired if she still begged for others, or asked charity for herself? 'Not for myself,' she answered; 'every one likes this boy's music, and he's very good to me—God bless him! So now I only beg for *coffins and shrouds* for those who must soon die!' Poor old Molly!

#### PROVERBIAL SAYINGS—FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

JOHN RAY, in the preface to his collection of English Proverbs, remarks that a proverb 'is usually defined as an instructive sentence, or common and pithy saying, in which more is generally designed than expressed; famous for its peculiarity and elegance, and therefore adopted by the learned as well as the vulgar, by which 'tis distinguished from counterfeits that want such authority.' Proverbs, therefore, generally consisting of such quaint and apt phrases as are easily retained in the memory, have been used by all nations to convey some piece of moral advice or warning. So universal are many of the most popular of them in their application, that the same appear, with slight modification, in nearly every language that is spoken upon earth. Equivalents for many of the most striking of the proverbs used in this country are found not only in Arabia, Persia, and Turkey, but in China.

An industrious and learned French author has compiled a very useful work on the proverbs of his own country in connexion with parallel adages of other regions;\* from which it is our purpose to translate a few curious and entertaining passages having reference to English proverbs, adding such information from our own stores as will elucidate or illustrate the French text.

The first article in this amusing dictionary relates appropriately to the first letter of the alphabet. Many of our readers must have heard the expression 'A. I.' applied to some individual whom it is wished should be placed at the very head of his class. This is generally supposed to be a proverbial saying derived from the Americans, who borrowed it from the mark and number by which the largest and best merchant-ships are regis-

tered at the government offices. We find, however, from M. Quitard, that a similar distinguishing appellation has long existed in France; and an individual, eminent in his line, is said 'to be marked with an A'—(*Etre marqué à l'a*). The most probable conjecture as to the origin of the term, is the pre-eminence which has always been given to the letter A in the alphabet of nearly every language; and we learn that what we suppose to be a modern use of it, was in vogue amongst the ancient Romans. Martial, in his fifty-seventh epigram, speaking of a certain Codrus, distinguishes him above the other fashionable men of Rome by the splendour of his apparel, calling him *Alpha penulatorum*, which signifies 'the A amongst those who display the mantle.' The above French saying is supposed to have obtained currency from Alsace, where the prebends of the cathedrals were arranged, alphabetically, according to their pecuniary value; and the holders of them, or prebendaries, were called 'Canon A,' 'Canon B,' 'Canon C,' &c.

In another page, we find a more striking instance of the antiquity of sayings, supposed, from recent circumstances, to be quite modern. During the fifteen years that the French have possessed Algeria, nothing is more natural than that people at home should ask one another—'What is the news in (or from) Africa?'

—(*Qu'y a-t-il de nouveau en Afrique?*) and that such a question should pass into a proverb, to be used when a person is angling for a topic of conversation with a friend. So far, on the contrary, from the recent Algerine war giving rise to the proverbial query, Pliny, the naturalist, explains it as in constant vogue in his day (A.D. 61-113), when the Romans, having invaded, had colonised a part of Africa. The colonists were so constantly meeting with casualties, the disastrous news of which reached the parent country, that it was quite common for one friend to ask another, *Quid novi fert Africa?* The proverb is even traced to a more remote origin; for, in explaining it, Pliny says it is derived from the Greeks.

'To dispute on the point of a needle' (*Disputer sur la pointe d'une aiguille*), applies to those very minute arguments in which a certain class of small hypercritical minds delight. One learned French etymologist contends that this proverbial expression is derived from the very ancient game of which children are so fond—*poussette*—or what amidst our own sports and pastimes goes by the name of 'push-pin'; though in France it would appear the instrument used is a needle. From the difficulty occasionally experienced by the juveniles of ascertaining whether the point has been pushed into the cushion so as to count in favour of the player or not, frequent disputes arise, and from these little contentions the above sentence is supposed to be derived. To show the antiquity of the expression, a quotation is made from the works of a poet who lived in the sixteenth century (De Regnier), who says,

'Folks shake in their shoes when a lawyer they see  
Getting up, on the point of a needle, a plea.'

The habit of disputing on very slight and trivial matters, is designated in England as 'splitting hairs.' This form of the proverb is derived from the Latins, who said *Rapari de lana caprina*, 'To dispute concerning a goat's hair.' Thus Horace, in one of his odes, after noticing one individual, describes 'another' as always disputing on the hair of a goat—

'*Alter rixatur de lana caprina*.'

The Greeks also had their form of this proverb, which ran thus—'To dispute on the shadow of an ass.' This took its rise from an anecdote which Demosthenes is said to have related to the Athenians, to excite their attention during his defence of a criminal, which was being but inattentively listened to. 'A traveller,' he said, 'once went from Athens to Megara on a hired ass. It happened to be the time of the dog-days, and at noon. He was exposed to the unmitigated heat of the sun, and not finding so much as a bush under

\* Dictionnaire, Etymologique, Historique, et Anecdotique des Proverbes et des Locutions Proverbiales de la Langue Française, en rapport avec des Proverbes, et des Locutions Proverbiales des autres Langues. Par P. M. Quitard (Dictionary, Etymologic, Historic, and Anecdotic, of Proverbs and Proverbial Sayings of the French Language, with reference to Proverbs, &c. of other Languages). Paris. 1842.

which to take shelter, he bethought himself to descend from the ass, and seat himself upon its shadow. The owner of the donkey, who accompanied him, objected to this, declaring that when he let the animal, the use of its shadow was not included in the bargain. The dispute at last grew so warm that it got to blows, and finally gave rise to an action at law.\* After having said so much, Demosthenes continued the defence of his client; but the auditors, whose curiosity he had piqued, were extremely anxious to know how the judges decided on so singular a cause. Upon this the orator commented severely on their childish injustice in devouring with attention a paltry story about an ass's shadow, while they turned a deaf ear to a cause in which the life of a human being was involved. From that day, when a man showed a preference for discussing small and contemptible subjects to great and important ones, he was said 'to dispute on the shadow of an ass.'

One or two of the proverbial sayings current are traces—now happily almost obliterated—of the dissensions and enmities which formerly existed between France and this country. An unfortunate debtor, hotly sued by an exacting creditor, is said to be 'pursued by the English' (*Etre poursuivi par les Anglais*). According to the authority of Borel, this took its rise when France was occupied by the English. Having drained the country of all its ready money, our forefathers lent it back again, but on conditions so hard, that repayment was next to impossible. Yet, in case of failure, they pursued the unfortunate debtors to the last extremity. Other etymologists refer the origin of the saying to the extraordinary imposts which were laid upon the French people for the ransom of their king Jean, a prisoner in London. Etienne Pasquier traces the expression to the after-demands of the English, who pretended that the ransom—fixed at three millions of golden crowns by the treaty of Brittany—had not been fully liquidated. Marot, an ancient French poet, writes—

'Whene'er you know an Englishman's in sight,  
You'd better cry out "baill!" with all your might.\*

The origin of another proverb conveys a satire upon our tour-writing countrymen, which should not be lost upon them. It is this—'All the women of Blois are freckled and ill-tempered' (*Toutes les femmes de Blois sont rousses et acariâtres*), and is made use of as a delicate refutation when any one—drawing a general from a particular—condemns a whole species from an individual specimen. It is said that an English traveller, passing through Blois, stopped at an inn, the landlady of which was freckled and ill-humoured, and upon this he wrote in his note-book, that *all* the females in that town displayed similar characteristics.

Many French words and expressions have recently become so generally current in the country, that they are gradually weaving themselves into our language. Amongst those in most frequent use, we may name *patois*, *naïveté*, *tableau*, *jeu d'esprit*, *cortège*, *savant*, *cabriolet*, *à propos*, &c. The last word is often given as part of a sentence, thus:—*à propos de bottes* ('relative to boots'), when an individual is saying something very wide of the question in hand; like the man in the jest-books, who, while a conversation was going on concerning umbrellas, exclaimed, 'Talking of umbrellas, where's my snuff-box?' Again, when a person is conscious he is going to break the even thread of the current talk by introducing an irrelevant thought which has just struck him, he begins it with, *à propos de bottes!* to let the company know he is quite aware that the new topic has nothing to do with the former one. As in the former instance, the origin of the term has been traced to the exactions of the English previous to the reign of Francis I. 'I remember,' says M. Quitard, 'to have seen a manuscript note on the margin of a book published before the time of the above monarch,

which states the expression, *à propos de bottes*, to have arisen when France was occupied by the English, who, having exhausted every reasonable pretension for their exactions, at last levied taxes for the avowed purpose of supplying themselves with boots and shoes.' This was so glaring an exaction, that ever after, when an unreasonable solicitation for money was made, the person applied to would ask whether the demand had anything to do with boots? It has since been used to signify anything done or said aside from the real purpose, or without a reasonable motive.

It is sometimes curious to observe how a proverbial expression travels from one country to another, and then becomes so completely naturalised in its new home, that it is claimed by the borrowers as purely national. We are surprised to find that the proverbial nick-name of 'The Vicar of Bray,' applied to a person who veers round to all sides of opinion, for the sake of self-interest, has been claimed by the French, who say of such a person, that he acts 'like the curate of Bray' (*faire comme le curé de Bray*).

Every one knows that the adage, 'The Vicar of Bray is the Vicar of Bray still,' originated in the individual who watched over the spiritual concerns of the people of Bray in Berkshire, towards the close of the civil war. To keep his living, he is said to have changed his doctrines four times—under Cromwell he was an Independent; he swore allegiance to Charles II. as a staunch Church-of-England-man; he turned Catholic to please James II.; and recanted back again to Protestantism to keep himself in office under the reigns of William III. and Anne. He became the subject of a popular song, the burden of which is—

'And this is law, I will maintain,  
Until my dying day, sir,  
That whatsoever king shall reign,  
I'll be Vicar of Bray, sir.'

Whether it was the song or the saying which found its way into France, we know not; but ever since the end of the last century, the proverb has been much in vogue there. It happens that 'Bray' is the ancient name of a division of the department of the lower Seine. Never doubting that the expression was indigenous, the Abbé de Feletz gave the following amusing sketch of its supposed origin in an old number of the *Journal des Débats*:—During the latter years of the unhappy reign of Louis XVI., the curé of Bray professed himself an ardent admirer of the constitution decreed by the Representative Assembly, often expressing himself in the most glowing terms on the principle of "Democratic Royalty," which it was supposed to have established. "Nothing shall shake my conviction," he would exclaim, "that this is the only true and rational form of government!" Presently the throne of France was overturned, and when the curé heard the news, he was delighted. A republican form of government succeeded; and he was still in ecstasies, declaring his intention of supporting it in his own little sphere to the last extremity. In 1793 his opinions underwent a fresh change. The constitution which was then proclaimed he declared to be the acmé of human wisdom; and when that constitution was overthrown by the revolutionary government, he publicly announced that event to be the most sublimely beneficial in the history of France. On the 9th of the following August that government was destroyed by the Committee of Public Safety, upon the members of which he lavished the most extravagant praises, for having, he said, saved his country! Finally, the constitution of the third year of the revolution fixed the vicar's errant opinions, because the Directory lasted as long as himself, and he died giving utterance to the opinion that the men who composed it were the only persons capable of governing a great nation. Amidst all these alterations, he had not failed to send in his adhesion and congratulations to the various opposing governments, and took the necessary oaths of allegiance with the most business-like regularity. The French, like ourselves, apply the term

\* *Onques ne vus Anglois de vostre taille,  
Car, à tout coup, vous criez, "baillie, baillie!"*

'weathercocks' (*girouettes*) to persons who practise a similar sort of versatility to 'vicars of Bray.'

If the French have borrowed proverbs from us, and adopted them as their own, we have returned the compliment. The saying attributed to Dr Johnson, that 'he who would make a pun would pick a pocket,' long existed in France before the doctor's time, and in a form far more elegant and expressive:—*Faiseur de bon-mot—mauvais caractère*: 'Maker of jests—bad character.' We could enumerate several others, in which the French had evidently the priority of conception.

A great many proverbs taking their rise from the same idea, are expressed by different nations in different ways. Thus, when we wish to describe a person fond of boasting, we declare that 'all his geese are swans.' The French give a much wider scope to exaggeration, by saying that 'all his flies are elephants' (*Tout ses mouches sont éléphants*). Instead of saying, with Falstaff, 'Money is a good soldier, and will on, our Gallic friends exclaim, 'Cash does everything' (*L'argent fait tout*). The English adage, 'The more one has, the more one wants,' is rendered by the following simile: 'Avarice is like fire; the more wood one puts on, the more fiercely it burns' (*L'avarice est comme le feu; plus on y met de bois, plus il brûle*). Again, 'Money cures all evils except avarice' (*L'argent est un remède à tout mal, hormis l'avarice*). On occasions when it would be appropriate to say, 'No cure, no pay,' the French use a proverb which a happy change in our domestic regulations has rendered obsolete in this country, namely, 'No money, no servant' (*Point d'argent, point de Suisse*). Some of the French proverbs are identical with our own, such as, 'To seek a needle in a bundle of hay' (*Chercher une aiguille dans une botte de foin*). 'To worship the golden calf' (*Adorer le veau d'or*). 'Like master, like man' (*Tel maître, tel valet*). 'To throw dust in one's eyes' (*Jeter de la poudre aux yeux*). 'Those who are born to be hanged will never be drowned' (*Qui est destiné à être pendu, n'est jamais noyé*). 'All is not gold that glitters' (*Tout ce qui reluit n'est pas or*). 'One swallow does not make a spring' (*Une hirondelle ne fait pas le printemps*).

#### A RUN DOWN THE RAPIDS.

MY DEAR —, I wrote to you last from Kingston, the present capital of Canada—a title, by the way, of which it is very unworthy; but places as well as persons sometimes have honours cast upon them, and it should not surprise us if they are not always found deserving of such distinction.

There are three ways of getting from Kingston to this place: that most frequently adopted is by the St Lawrence, which is navigated by steamers, except in those parts where it is broken by rapids; these are passed in stages, over roads nearly as uneven as the water which runs alongside. Another route is by the Ottawa river and Rideau canal; it is considerably larger than the former, and at this season of the year not very tempting, as many of the lakes through which it is necessary to pass swarm with mosquitoes, which invariably pay strangers the most assiduous attention.

Having already travelled by both these routes, I was glad of an opportunity to try the third, the rapids, which presented the charms of novelty and excitement; so on Thursday last, at two P.M., I found myself and baggage under weigh in the steamer Charlotte, seventeen horsepower; a Lilliputian compared with the ordinary lake and river-boats, but capable of affording stowage for a considerable number of passengers and a valuable cargo of flour. This was formerly the only route either for ascending or descending the river; but of late years, since the introduction of steamboats, the other routes have been opened, and the old method, the barges, has been abandoned.

On leaving Kingston, we entered the lake of the Thousand Islands, which number, I imagine, they greatly exceed. In size, they vary from rocks just large enough to support a single bush, to islands of several miles in extent. The greater number are granite rocks, which rise abruptly from the water; but others are nearly flat; and all are thickly covered with stunted trees and brushwood. I have

had the good fortune to see them in nearly every season, and under a variety of circumstances; but would recommend, as the most favourable period for visiting this fairy region, a still evening in autumn, when the leaf begins to change, and the bright red of the maple mingles with the green of its more hardy brethren of the forest. It was here that the pirate Bill Johnson established his headquarters during the disturbances of 1838-39, and where he continued to elude every attempt that was made to take him—a fact which will not surprise those who have once passed through this labyrinth of rocks.

I was here a good deal amused at an instance which showed that the feeling of contempt we all know a seaman entertains for a *fresh-water sailor* is amply returned. As the evening advanced, one of the sailors came up to the helmsman and told him he might 'go below'; then addressing me, he said, 'that chap's a *salt-water sailor*, and takes a deal of elbow-room, so it don't do to put him at the helm after dark.'

Soon after leaving the Thousand Islands, Brockville appears on the north, or Canadian side of the river. This is a well-situated village, perhaps I should say town, and one of the prettiest in the country. When passing this part of the river on a former occasion, I heard a circumstance which would lead one to conclude that a considerable change had taken place in the climate. A gentleman told me that when his father settled there, about sixty years before, all the produce was taken to Kingston on the ice; but that of late years, it has not been considered safe to travel at all upon that part of the river during the winter. Whether this change is to be attributed to cultivation, or to some other cause, I leave to the scientific to decide.

As we were anxious to see all of the principal rapids, which we expected to approach by daybreak, we retired early to our berths, formed of shelves fastened to the sides of the cabin, which during the daytime were taken down and stowed away. Our party appeared on deck soon after four next morning, and we found ourselves approaching the 'Long Sault.' An island divides the river here into two channels; that on the American side is alone navigated; and the occasional peeps which we had of the other, satisfied us that, if we had not chosen the most picturesque, we had at least taken that which was the least dangerous. The Long Sault is nine miles in length; the south channel for the most part runs between steep and thickly-wooded banks, the water running smoothly, though rapidly; occasionally there is a little hubbub, but not sufficient to alarm the most timid voyager. Barges are sometimes wrecked on this rapid, being forced on shore by the current when passing some of the short turns which so frequently occur in this channel.

After passing this rapid, we entered lake St Francis, a shallow lake, with flat banks, and a few rusty islands. To the south may be seen some of the high lands in the state of New York, which make a picturesque of what would otherwise be a most monotonous scene. We now also got into the French country, and could distinguish the small whitewashed houses of the Canadians. At Coteau-du-lac we took in a pilot, the most dangerous rapids being below this place. The first, the Coteau rapid, was passed without danger or difficulty; and though the water was foaming all around us, we threaded through where it was comparatively smooth.

The next rapid, the Cedars, is very dangerous on account of its shallowness. The rocks are easily discernible by the change of colour in the water, which appears of a reddish hue. When approaching the most dangerous part, the engine was stopped for about a minute. The channel here passes over rocks; and there being but a few inches between the bed of the river and the bottom of the vessel, the slightest error in steering would cause certain destruction. This rapid is something less than three miles in length, and the fall thirty-two feet: the distance was run in eight minutes. The next rapid, the Cascades, was more boisterous than any we had yet passed through; the steamer bent like a rod; but as there was plenty of water, and no rocks, there was no cause for alarm. At the bottom of this rapid the St Lawrence and Ottawa rivers meet, but do not unite: the clear green of the St Lawrence contrasts advantageously with the reddish slate colour of the Ottawa; the line dividing their waters is perfectly distinct, and as straight as if drawn with a ruler.

We now took in an Indian to pilot us down the Lachine rapids: he came off in a canoe with several others from the Indian village of Canguawaga, the only striking feature of

which is a church, with a glittering *fin* spire. The rapids were now approaching are by far the most boisterous on the river, and the most difficult to navigate; though, with a skilful pilot, they are perhaps less dangerous than the Cedars, as there is plenty of water in the channel, the only difficulty being to keep within it. As we approached, the passengers were made to sit down, that they might not intercept the view of the pilot. The Indian and three others stood to the helm; the current became more and more rapid, but was still smooth; the engine was eased—then stopped; we saw the breakers under the bows—a sudden plunge, and we were in the midst of them. Rocks appeared on every side, and it seemed impossible that we could escape driving upon some of them. Suddenly the helmsman sprang across the vessel, which as quickly obeyed the directing power. This, however, seemed but a momentary respite, as others, equally menacing, appeared directly before us; but these were also skilfully avoided, and we passed them without injury. The water was in the greatest possible state of agitation: rushing with fearful rapidity, it is intercepted by rocks, which causes it to boil and foam as if raging at the opposition they offer to its course. The vessel is hurried along by the current, and knocked about in every possible way by the irregular sea which is produced by the diversity of currents. One of the boatmen, who was sitting near me on the deck, appeared highly excited; he half raised himself by resting on one hand, watched the course the boat was taking with an expression of the most intense anxiety, and turning each moment to the helm, appeared ready to spring to it, as if he feared the four men already at it would not be able to move it quick enough. He was an old man, who knew the channel, and was consequently well aware how much depended on the skilful management of the helm. The Indians pass these rapids in canoes: a few years since one was upset, and several persons drowned—a circumstance which will not surprise any one who has once gone down them: it is far more surprising that any who attempt to pass them in such a manner should do so in safety.

This route will probably become very popular, as all idea of danger has already nearly vanished. At present, it takes about twenty-four hours to perform the distance (200 miles); but with boats of greater power, it might be done in nearly half that time. I remain, my dear —

Yours, L. P. D.

MONTREAL, Sept. 1843.

#### MR SMITH'S VISIT TO LEWIS.

At a recent meeting of the Glasgow Philosophical Society, the following interesting account of Lewis, the largest and one of the most distant islands of the Hebrides, was given by Mr Smith, late of Deanston. Mr Smith, it appears, had visited Lewis a short time since, for the purpose of reporting on its capabilities of improvement to an opulent and public-spirited proprietor, who had lately made a purchase of the island—and what a noble purchase as regards extent! a territory eighty miles in length by from two to thirty miles in breadth, and therefore larger than many a German principality.

The meeting might be aware (proceeded Mr Smith) that Lewis was the most northerly of the western group, and though it was generally spoken of as a distinct island, it was nevertheless connected with Harris by a narrow neck of land, from which circumstance they were sometimes called the Long Island. The rocks were of the primitive or granite formation; and the surface of the country had altogether a very peculiar aspect. It appeared that the peat-moss had begun to be formed immediately upon the granite rock; for, when you get to the bottom, you find at once a rough gravel, mixed with small quantities of clay, and hardly such a thing as a distinct alluvial deposit. Generally speaking, the subsoil was a rich gravel, and there were no remains of trees or coarse grass—nothing but mossy plants. They might be led to suppose that the country was a dead flat; but it was not so; for in Lewis there were interspersed beautiful slopes and valleys, through the centre of which various rivulets made their way. The whole surface was covered with bog, from two to ten, and in some places twenty feet in depth; although the general depth might be stated at about four feet. Upon the surface of this body nothing was grown but bent-grass and stunted heath; and on the whole it had a very dreary aspect. Not a tree was to be seen; all around there was the

brown bent; and in the after part of the year, when it became decayed, the appearance was peculiarly bleak and desolate. The island was not without its beauties notwithstanding; for the sea-lakes which indented the coast, and the fresh-water lakes in the interior, imparted to it rather an interesting effect. The most remarkable thing connected with the island, however, was this, that the slightest improvement did not appear to have gone on for a very long period, and they were very much in the same position that the inhabitants of this country occupied a hundred years ago. They still used the ancient distaff, although it was a hundred years since it had been supplanted in this country by the Dutch wheel; and nothing amused him more than to have seen the women coming from Stornoway carrying with them the spinning-wheels, to commence what they conceived to be a novel and vast improvement. He might mention that the advantages which the best machinery of the day possessed over the distaff were as a thousand to one; yet, by means of the distaff, these people managed to manufacture their clothing, which, under the circumstances, was very comfortable.

Their cultivation of the soil was as primitive as their manufacture of the cloth. There was no such thing known as the young men going away from the island to push their fortune, and returning to it afterwards with wealth. From Stornoway, it was true, a number had gone out and distinguished themselves, but this was the exception. Still the inhabitants were not deficient by nature. They were a social people in their own way; they were kind to their children, kind to each other, and kind to their animals. As a phrenologist, he would say their heads were very good indeed—that is, for people not accustomed to habits of thought. In regard to their houses, they did not live in dwellings such as were seen in the mainland, for they were more like huts than anything else. The walls were from six to eight feet thick, composed of bog in the centre, and faced with stone inside and out. There was sometimes only one apartment, but generally two; and under the same roof the people lived and kept their cattle. There was this distinction, however; namely, a fall of eighteen inches from the apartment in which the family lived to the adjoining one, in which the cattle were kept. This might seem to some to be rather a queer arrangement; but the people themselves considered that there were points in it which contributed to their comfort. The room in which the cattle were kept was the entrance one, and as the air passed through it, it came into the adjoining portion of the house appropriated to the family in a warm state. Where ponies were kept, an outer hall or shed, beyond the cattle apartment, was reared for their accommodation. Some of the better houses had a division-wall, which separated the cow-house from the family apartment; but generally this was not the case. One peculiarity in the building of their houses was, that the roof was within the wall, instead of projecting beyond it; and in this way he had seen something like a series of terraces extending over half a town. One use of them was, that when the children became troublesome, or the mother was more than usually busy, the children were disposed of on these terraces or high places, and it was quite amusing to see the little *whittlers* looking down over the wall at what was going on below. The parents, however, did all this in the most kindly manner.

The Lewisians have done all they can to cultivate their possessions in the best manner. Their cultivated portions are those from which the peat has been cut away; they then come to the gravel, and gather soil from one part to add to another. They have done nothing in the way of draining; they have never attempted to penetrate the hard subsoil, which is often steeped in water. They have no system of winter ploughing, but just move the land immediately before planting the potato crop or sowing the seed; and the only preparation they made was that of sometimes pulling the weeds in the summer season. He would now describe to them some of the implements in use amongst this primitive people. (Mr Smith then exhibited the 'crass-croom,' or hand-and-foot plough. It is an instrument with a sole about fifteen or eighteen inches in length, thick behind and sharp in front, which latter, being the part which first penetrates the soil, is shod with iron. It is pushed forward by means of a long handle fixed into it, and also by a pin attached to the heel of the sole or sock, for the foot of the labourer. A more unlikely implement to have the name of a plough it is scarcely possible to conceive, and its exhibition created much interest and amuse-

ment.) The people lay the land over in furrows, by successive movements of hand and foot; but of course the line is not drawn in a continuous form. The great difficulty in providing their implements was the scarcity of timber, of which none grew in the island, and they had consequently to send to the mainland for it. As a proof of its value, he might mention that the shaft or handle of the 'crass-croom' (which is a piece of wood about the size of a broomstick) would cost 3s. 6d. From the scantiness of the soil, they did not of course produce heavy crops; but here he would instance the ingenuity of the people in making the best of their position. He had seen as good produce of potatoes, barley, or rather bere or bigg—for the new kinds of barley were unknown to them—and oats, as in any part of the country; and they managed to produce these results by the skill with which they prepared the manure. It was efficacious, in the first instance, in the raising of potatoes, and afterwards it produced a fine barley crop. When the barley was ripe, they did not cut it, as was the case elsewhere, but pulled it up by the roots, and tied the whole up in sheaves. When it was 'won,' and ready for the stalk, the straw was then cut from the sheaves below the band, which had this advantage, that it enabled them to slow away the grain in small bulk—a matter of no small moment in a country exposed to so much wind and rain. After the grain itself had been thus preserved, they took the straw which had been cut from it and placed it on the roofs of their houses. They laid it loosely on, just as the farmers here spread it over the top of a stalk, and then tied it down with ropes spun from the heath. In this position it was exposed to the smoke of their peat fires.

In Lewis there were no fireplaces such as we are acquainted with. The fire was placed in the middle of the room, and there were no vents; but instead, a number of holes were ranged round the top of the side-wall. When the smoke ascended, therefore, as it did by means of its lightness, and a portion of it was forced back, it escaped by means of these holes. A great deal of it, however, made its way up through the straw on the roof; and when approaching one of these little towns, he could compare its appearance to nothing more likely than that presented by the smoke arising from a cluster of heated grain stacks. This straw became very valuable, from the great condensation of ammonia and other products which took place in it. The people of Lewis planted their potatoes without any manure whatever; but when the plant had got up to the length of two or three inches, a general unroofing of the houses took place, and the straw which had been preparing there all the season was thrown upon the drills; it was rarely covered up, excepting in windy weather, when a slight sprinkling was put upon it to prevent its being blown away. Well, this manure gets into the soil immediately, and the potatoes forthwith come up with the greatest luxuriance. The people of Lewis, however, had another kind of manure than that described; they had the manure which was produced from their cows; and he might here mention, that in their care of it they evinced a degree of intelligence superior to that of farmers of much higher pretensions, for they kept it constantly covered up; and each and all had joined in the opinion, that if it was exposed, it lost to a great extent its efficacy. Some of the best agriculturists were about to follow this plan of keeping the manure constantly covered up. In Lewis they followed a strict rotation of cropping. They had first potatoes, then barley or bigg, and then oats—constituting a three years' shift. According to this rotation they had grown their crops for a hundred years, and one might naturally suppose that the lands would be worn out by it; but this was not the case, for they had generally good crops, and last year it was an extraordinary one. There had been inhospitable seasons certainly, in which the crops entirely failed, and great distress followed; but, generally speaking, their crops were excellent. On the whole, there was no doubt that if these people were properly directed in the best modes of cultivation, they would, with their habits of industry, make rapid progress. So much for the agriculture of Lewis. As to their manufactures, he might state that they made their own dishes or vessels from the clay found amongst the granite gravel. They fashioned the vessel merely with the finger and thumb; and the strength and thinness with which they were made, proved the quality of their clay. They turned over the neck or mouth, and by putting a cord, or rather a leathern thong round it, they were enabled to carry the vessel from place to place, containing water or milk; and they also stood the heat

requisite to boil their contents when placed on the fire. (Mr Smith showed a specimen.) They also made their creels for carrying out their manure, and for other uses; and when he showed one of them, the audience would be surprised to hear they were made of the stem of the dock, or 'docken.' So much was this plant prized amongst them, that when it grew between the possessions of two farmers, the docks were carefully divided between them. There was not a willow in the island; and the dock, therefore, was very much prized for its usefulness. They answered for the women when they went to market, as well as for carrying potatoes and manure. Another mode of the people of Lewis was that of feeding their cows on sea-ware. It was just the dulse tangle, which they had often seen sold on the streets of Glasgow; and it was no unusual thing, when a woman went out to milk the cows, to take some of this dulse tangle, which the animal consumed with great satisfaction while the process of milking was in progress. The lecturer then exhibited a large bag in use in Lewis, which was made of the stem of the bent-grass, and spun in the long winter nights; they were used for keeping the corn in, and carrying such portions of it to market as they were able to spare for sale. He might state that there was only one distillery on the island, which took up all the surplus of the barley crop. After giving a few geological details, Mr Smith stated that the population extended to 17,000 souls, and there were 270,000 acres of land, which, if improved as it might be, would maintain twice the number of people in more comfort than they were at present. He hoped that the period of this improvement was not far distant; and that when they went to visit Lewis, they would find it a green pastoral land instead of a dreary waste. Mr Smith concluded his lecture, and exhibition of specimens and implements from the primitive Lewis, amidst much applause.

#### TASTE FOR READING.

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand by me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree derogating from the higher office and sure and stronger panoply of religious principles, but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hand a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history; with the wisest, the wittiest, with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a cotemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilisation from having constantly before our eyes the way in which the best-bred and best-informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle, but perfectly irresistible coercion, in a habit of reading well-directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It cannot be better summed up than in the words of the Latin poet—'Emollit mores, ne sinit esse feros.' It civilises the conduct of men, and suffers them not to remain barbarous.—*Sir J. Herschel.*

#### FIRE-FLIES.

As I gazed, the air burst into atoms of green fire before my face, and in an instant they were gone: I turned round, and saw all the woods upon the mountains illuminated with ten thousands of flaming torches moving in every direction, now rising, now falling, vanishing here, reappearing there, converging to a globe, and dispersing in spangles. No man can conceive, from dry description alone, the magical beauty of these glorious creatures. So far from their effects having been exaggerated by travellers, I can say that I never had an account, in prose or verse, which in the least prepared me for the reality. There are

two sorts: the small fly which flits in and out in the air, and a kind of beetle, which keeps more to the woods, and is somewhat more stationary, like our glow-worm. This last has two broad eyes in the back of its head, which, when the phosphorescent energy is not exerted, are of a dull parchment hue; but upon the animal's being touched, shoot forth two streams of green light, as intense as the purest gas. But the chief source of splendour is a cleft in the belly, through which the whole interior of the beetle appears like a red-hot furnace. I put one of these natural lamps under a wine-glass in my bed-room in Trinidad, and, in order to verify some accounts which I have heard doubted, I ascertained the hour on my watch by its light alone with the utmost facility.—*Six Months in the West Indies.*

#### THE BLOOD-FISH.

Our Indians caught with a hook the fish known in the country by the name of *caribe*, or *caribito*, because no other fish has such a thirst for blood. It attacks bathers and swimmers, from whom it often carries away considerable pieces of flesh. The Indians dread extremely these caribes; and several of them showed us the scars of deep wounds in the calf of the leg and in the thigh made by these little animals. When a person is only slightly wounded, it is difficult for him to get out of the water without receiving severer wounds. The blood-fish lives at the bottom of rivers; but if, once a few drops of blood be shed upon the water, they arrive by thousands on the surface. When we reflect on the number of these fish, the most voracious and cruel of which are only four or five inches long; on the triangular form of their sharp cutting teeth, and on the amplitude of their retractile mouth, we need not be surprised at the fear which they excite in the inhabitants of the banks of the Apuré and Oroonoco. In places where the river was very limpid, and where not a fish appeared, we threw into the water little morsels of flesh covered with blood; and in a few minutes a cloud of caribes came to dispute the prey. The belly of this fish has a cutting edge indented like a saw; its body, towards the back, is ash-coloured, with a tint of green; but the under part, the gill-covers, and the pectoral fins, are of a fine orange. The caribito has a very agreeable taste. As no one dares to bathe where it is found, it may be considered as one of the greatest scourges of these climates, in which the sting of the mosquitoes, and the consequent irritation of the skin, render the use of baths so necessary.—*Humboldt.*

#### PREDICTION OF RAIN AND STORMS BY FALLING STARS.

A communication has been made to the Academy of Sciences by M. Couvler Gravier, on the meteors vulgarly called falling stars. He thinks that all the changes which take place in the terrestrial atmosphere have their origin in the upper regions. 'If (says he) we watch at night the direction, number, and changes of colour of the falling stars, we shall be able to predict with certainty the wind that will prevail, and the rain, storms, &c. that will take place, on the following day.' M. Gravier declares that he has for several months passed entire nights in observing the falling stars, and that every morning at seven o'clock he delivered to M. Arago, at the observatory, his prediction for the day, without having been once in error. The name of M. Arago having been thus mentioned, he certainly owes it to the public to contradict or confirm the assertion of M. Gravier, and—with permission of course—to state what are the signs by which this knowledge, so important, if real, to agriculturists and navigators, is obtained.

#### THE HAND.

With the hand we demand, we promise, we call, dismiss, threaten, intreat, supplicate, deny, refuse, interrogate, admire, reckon, confess, repent; express fear, express shame, express doubt; we instruct, command, unite, encourage, swear, testify, accuse, condemn, acquit, insult, despise, defy, disdain, flatter, applaud, bless, abuse, ridicule, reconcile, recommend, exalt, regale, gladden, complain, afflict, discomfort, discourage, astonish; exclaim, indicate silence, and what not; with a variety and multiplication that keep pace with the tongue.—*Montaigne.*

#### REASON AND KINDNESS.

The language of reason, unaccompanied by kindness, will often fail of making an impression; it has no effect on the understanding, because it touches not the heart. The language of kindness, unassociated with reason, will frequently

be unable to persuade; because, though it may gain upon the affections, it wants that which is necessary to convince the judgment. But let reason and kindness be united in a discovery, and seldom will even pride or prejudice find it easy to resist.—*Gisborne.*

#### TO THE SKYLARK.

Now weel befa' the cloud that bears,  
And weel the voice that sings,  
And balmy be the early airs,  
That wander round thy wings,  
Where heaven's own dew, created new,  
Is rich around thy way,  
And shadows of the roses strow  
The pathways of the day.  
And thy pure heart beats 'mid the blue,  
Beyond the cloud on high,  
While seraphs look abroad to view  
The hermit of the sky.  
I've heard thee when young nature's ray  
The primrose blooms would bring,  
To plant them round the bower and irae,  
The earliest of the spring.  
I've heard thee from the greenwood shaw,  
When summer suns sailed high,  
And when the rainbow's tints wad fa'  
To glorify the sky.  
Thou, wee bold hard, durst make its fold  
Of azure thine array,  
And riot in its richest gold,  
Though thou thyself be gray.  
But be thy heart free as thy wing,  
And heaven's own favour bless,  
For I have never heard thee sing  
In hour so sweet as this.  
Ye welcome from the darkness room,  
To all the earth and sky,  
And from deep we amid its gloom,  
To love, and hope, and joy.  
Yet thee I've blamed, when in the bower,  
Thy lay came o'er the heart,  
And said it is—it is the hour  
When lovers leal should part.  
I rowed thine own could or untrue,  
That thou woudest proudly bound  
To sail the morning vales o' dew,  
And leave thy love sae soon.  
But now ye sing a lay mair sweet,  
That aye would seem to say,  
That lovers at the dawn you meet,  
Should part not a' the day.  
And I will blame thee ne'er again,  
Till life itself be o'er,  
If ye'll aye say, as now sae plain,  
That we shall part no more.  
And if I were in heaven itsel',  
Methinks I'd harken down,  
If ye wad aye these tidings tell,  
When ye came sailing roun'.  
Could, could it be to blame the bird,  
That can alone unite  
The sweetest words heart ever heard—  
Love, liberty, and light.

November, 1844.

HENRY S. RIDDELL.

#### CHARITY.

Charity is a universal duty, which it is in every man's power sometimes to practise, since every degree of assistance given to another upon proper motives is an act of charity; and there is scarcely any man in such a state of imbecility, that he may not on some occasions benefit his neighbour. He that cannot relieve the poor, may instruct the ignorant; and he that cannot attend the sick, may reclaim the vicious. He that can give little assistance himself, may yet perform the duty of charity by inflaming the ardour of others, and recommending the petitions he cannot grant to those who have more to bestow. The widow that shall give her mite to the treasury, the poor man who shall bring to the thirsty a cup of cold water, shall not lose their reward.—*Dr Johnson.*

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